

but they were talking about the *outward court* of their synagogues, or about thy horse, and my horse; thy farm and my farm, or sucking tobacco pipes, or in some other way worshipping the beast or his image.

"The Hangman" is the name of a paper, edited by Charles Spear, and published in Boston. While nearly all the good writers in America are amusing themselves, each other, and their countrymen with chaffy novels and lovesick tales, like children in the garret tickling each other's toes with straws, while thieves and robbers are hanging other members of the family, and plundering and setting fire to the house, this Friend Spear seems to have some sense of the danger, and desire to bring the offenders to justice; and with his Hangman he is hanging (not the bodies of men and women, destroying that life which no man, State, nor nation has a right to injure, but) old Haman, the wicked revengeful Law, on the gibbet of Truth. Hang away, Charles! If the Hangman is not strong enough to hang the whole code at once, quarter the old tyrant and string him up; any way to get rid of him.

This same Charles Spear is the author of "Titles of Christ," one of the best books of these latter days.

Some weeks since, we obtained subscribers, in various towns, for "David's Sling." We have been informed that the papers have been carefully mailed, week after week, while some subscribers in different towns have never received any, and others only now and then one. Subscribers have requested us to inquire into the cause of it. We shall sail through the same channels, and if we find any snags, we shall petition to Uncle Samuel to have them removed. There are none in Portland harbor, and the boys on board the Pilot Boat, Post Office, understand every rope, and the whole chart, and will pilot us out safely.

Gone News A man has just hailed us, and says an old-ish-fashioned Quaker woman has been among the sleepers, and disturbed the slumbers of them all—now, the bell may possibly keep them awake till others arrive. An old-ish-fashioned man has been to Windham. O, may there be a moving among the dry bones.

If any one will inform us what else they have done, we are willing at any time to inform their brethren abroad of their good works, as well as of their evil works, or their no-works.

Our Gentle passengers will excuse us for spending so much time in the Quaker Cabin, when we tell them the boat is going up to Newport, the New England Jerusalem, to their temporal feast of fat things, and well leavened bread which is held only once a year.

Some of the church people when they took a hasty view of themselves in the "Hypocrite's Looking Glass," on our last excursion, fled from it declaring they had seen nothing but the "Evil One." When they get over their fright, we will try to convince them that they saw only themselves.

CHIP BASKET.

MILLERISM. Last week three Millerites were arrested as common vagrants and placed in the "Sepulchre for the Living" in this city. Much as we have testified against Millerism from the beginning thus far, and much as we have regretted that it ever had existence, we say in all sincerity that we had much rather be a Millerite, and be placed in that city den, than be like some of a different profession and place others there. These three young men were arrested because they refused to work, and idled away their time. If this is a sufficient reason for locking them up in the work house, we ask, Why in the name of common sense, have not the priests and other loafers, and their idle families been placed there long ago?

We would not be understood as countenancing Millerism nor idleness, but we would be understood as being ready to enlist with all our crew, in a war of Truth against this abominable system of mis-called christianity, which hurls so many priests to cast out devils, and then locks people up within stone and brick walls, and leaves them there for misery to reform them.

ADIEU.

God is love, a boundless ocean,
Where a little boat like me,
Bouyed up from earth, and manned completely.
Sails on love, o'er land and sea.
Freighted with truth, from toms free,
I sail on love, o'er land and sea.